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with the Author's best Compliments*

NELSON'S TRIUMPH;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE:

A POEM.

BY

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—SEPTEM GEMINI TURBANT TREPIDA OSTIA NILI!

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THE following little Poem is not wholly new to the Public : a small part of it (written originally for Recitation) appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, soon after the News arrived of the glorious Event it attempts to commemorate. The Author having augmented it with very considerable Additions, has been flattered into the opinion that it will not be entirely unworthy Public Notice, in its present shape—the Subject certainly is not exhausted, however inadequately he may have treated it.

NELSON'S TRIUMPH;
OR,
THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

—SEPTEM GEMINI TURBANT TREPIDA OSTIA NILI!

THE penfive Muse beholds with tearful eyes,
Thy realms, fair Italy! the Plund'rer's prize!
No sounds are heard from Tiber to the Po,
But the sad wailings of a People's woe.

B

France,

France, with a rage than ATTILA's more dire!
Consumes thy palaces with barb'rous fire;
All that compos'd of ancient Rome the grace,
Ferocious armies pillage, or deface;
They spare nor monument, nor sacred fane,
And LEO's splendid labours, all are vain!
Painting, in terror quits her lov'd retreat,
And PHIDIAS' art is trampled under feet.
The vine no more its ripen'd treasure yields,
And barren plains succeed to verdant fields!
Like PHARAOH's plague, where Gallic bands appear,
They blight the happy prospects of the year;
Destroy the standard of all Europe's taste,
And make the garden of the world a waste—

Fiends!

Fiends ! who obedient to their tyrants' nod,
 Profane the altars of the living God !
 And with a fury, like their purpose fell,
 Make of an earthly Paradise a Hell.

But surely Heav'n will hear the suff'rer's pray'r,
 And make the Spoiler in his turn despair ;
 The Widow's anguish and the Orphan's sigh,
 Will yet be heard, and register'd on high ;
 While the deep groanings of a ruin'd land,
 Provoke the vengeance of th' ALMIGHTY's hand !

Now shall the Muse the modern Huns pursue,
 As Latium's shores receded from the view ;

Where

Where ravag'd plains no longer could afford,
 A fresh temptation to the Conqueror's sword.
 When Gallia's Chief, with standards dy'd in gore,
 Thirsting for plunder fought the Egyptian shore;
 Italia's curses wafted on the wind,
 In deep low murmurs harrow'd up his mind.
 To that proud rock, for deeds heroic known,
 Where jealous Honour fix'd her polish'd throne;
 And with the panoply of Faith array'd,
 The spotless banner of her Knights display'd!
 The blood-stain'd Chieftain bends his gloomy way,
 And marks illustrious Malta for his prey.
 But sure that race of heroes must deride,
 The threats of France, and BUONAPARTE's pride;
 Their

Their sea-girt ramparts hostile arms defy,
 When Glory calls to conquer, or to die!
 Was such their conduct?—Truth, alas! records,
 That Knighthood's laurel wither'd on their swords:
 Malta! for ever mourn thy Honour's loss,
 That to the Infidel betray'd the Cross,
 And, at the Gallic Atheist's stern decree,
 Tarnish'd the plumed crest of Chivalry!
 By Conquest flatter'd, and with Pride elate,
 Onward he sails, as if secure of Fate:
 Afric beheld his plund'ring bands advance,
 And wept, in tears of blood, the crimes of France;
 The Seat of PTOLEMY now owns his sway,
 While his proud fleet possess'd of Nilus Bay,

Seem'd to defy the howling Tempest's blast,
 With Rapine's colours streaming from the mast!
 The curse of Italy, from Egypt's strand,
 Sends forth his locusts to consume the land.
 Amidst his myrmidons he proudly stood,
 Prophet of Anarchy! array'd in blood!
 And as they bend obedient to his nod,
 This Man of Slaughter deems himself a God!
 His fleet surveying from the Afric shore,
 While minions flatter, and while fools adore.
 But, impious mortal! all thy hopes are vain,
 To wield the sov'reign trident of the main;
 For soon BRITANNIA's gallant ships appear,
 Their course th' Avenging Angel seem'd to steer!

That

That awful Pow'r! which frantic Gaul denied,
 Sent fav'ring gales, and smooth'd th' obedient tide;
 In ev'ry breast heroic ardour glows,
 The nearer they approach their country's foes:
 The view before them Glory, or Defeat—
 The last, a stranger to the British fleet!
 But here the Muse must pause—for where's the pen
 Can trace the actions of those godlike men,
 Describe the horrors of that awful night,
 Or tell how Britons for their country fight?
 The first bold Prow, by envious Fortune cross'd!
 Grounds as she leads, and active glory lost—
 But her large honours, buoyant o'er her fate,
 Make gallant TROWBRIDGE in disaster great!

NELSON'S

NELSON's attack, like the dread lightning's blast!
 Rends the proud hull, and splits the tow'ring mast,
 Whole sheets of flame on Gallia's host are driv'n,
 And Vengeance thunders to approving Heav'n!
 That impious race, who dar'd deny their God,
 Now feel the scourge of his avenging rod;
 Mad from despair they plunge into the wave,
 And seek the refuge of a wat'ry grave.
 One tow'ring ship, the Gallic Adm'ral's boast!
 Enwrapt in flames illumines all the coast;
 A blazing Pharos, it appear'd to be,
 Emerging from the bosom of the sea!
 'Till with a blast, which seem'd to rend the skies,
 The mighty bulwark into atoms flies!

A dreadful

A dreadful wreck! that covers half the flood,
 And dyes thy waters, Nile, with Gallic blood—
 An awful silence fills the lurid air,
 And Horror checks the howlings of Despair.
 The Foe, now finding all resistance vain,
 Struck his proud flag, and yielded up the Main;
 While Arabs, witnesses of the Gaul's defeat,
 With shouts of triumph hail the British fleet!
 As long as Egypt's Pyramids shall stand,
 Long as the Nile shall fertilize her land;
 So long the voice of never-dying Fame,
 Shall add to England's glory NELSON's name!

Britons, when Fate has laid the valiant low,
 Admire the courage of their deadliest foe;

D

And

And Gaul's brave Adm'ral claims their just applause;
 Whose death was worthy of a better cause!
 But NELSON, guardian of a rival's fame,
 Shall vindicate the injur'd warrior's name.*

By billows cover'd many a fathom deep,
 Some victors mingled with the vanquish'd sleep
 In Glory's bed! beneath the heaving wave,
 The naval hero's honourable grave!
 There, shrin'd in honour, gallant WESTCOTT lies,
 His manes hallow'd by a nation's sighs!
 Sighs! that more dignify his sacred dust,
 Than pompous epitaph, or sculptur'd bust;

* In the intercepted Correspondence from Egypt, see a most ungenerous insinuation, made by Buonaparte, against Admiral Brueys, for remaining in the Bay of Aboukir.

Oft

Oft, with an honest pride, shall Britons tell,
 Who, on that day of triumph, nobly fell;
 And faithful to their country's fair renown,
 Add one more trophy to her naval crown,
 While Fame adorning the Historic Page,
 Transmits his Name to Time's remotest Age!

For you—BRITANNIA'S sorrow and her boast—
 Doom'd never more to see your native coast;
 No more to gaze upon your children's face,
 Nor feel the rapture of a wife's embrace!
 For you, brave spirits! who resign'd your breath,
 And purchas'd victory with glorious death;
 Your country consecrates your wat'ry bier,
 And 'midst her triumphs sheds a grateful tear!

With

With laurel decks the grave, or binds the head,
Of victors living, or of heroes dead !
Nor doth the meed of praise alone extend,
But to the warrior's offspring is the friend ;
Takes to her care the widow of his heart,
And robs the shaft of death of half its smart.

FINIS.

